

THE ENTERPRISE

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Editor and Proprietor.

A woman likes to visit the bargain counters and then count 'er bargains.

The old empress dowager has suppressed all the newspapers in China. France isn't the worst, after all.

Mark Twain says he has respect for Satan because he is the spiritual head of about four-fifths of the race.

Not only is the sparrow plucky in life, but its acting as a substitute for the red bird shows it's also game after death.

With respect to England spreading herself in South Africa, it would seem the Boers are disposed to be rabid anti-expansionists.

Probably one of the "extenuating circumstances" in Capt. Drefus' case was that the judges had a strong suspicion he was innocent.

In a Western city the other day a farmer was robbed three times by gangs of footpads. Can it be there's also a highwayman trust?

Whales' teeth, it is stated, are the coinage of the Fiji Islands. Very likely there, as elsewhere, the wives say getting money from their husbands is like pulling teeth.

Emperor William says kingship is the only sure support for the preservation of religion. The Kaiser talks very much like man who suspects that he is in danger of losing his job.

Two heads may be better than one as a rule, but minor statesmen can't be made to see that knocking one of them in is not the proper thing when it comes to new candidate's barrel.

An association has been formed for the purpose of compelling employers to pay women the same wages that are paid to men for similar work. There are no women in the association.

A New England man is suing to recover \$300 damages for the alienation of his wife's affections. If the court has any sense of the fitness of things it will make him pay the other fellow for winning her away.

It seems that the word "appendicitis" is not to be found in the most ambitious of recent dictionaries published in England. It looks from this as if the complaint in question were more or less confined to themselves.

Poor Lo, the noble red man, has been civilized at last, and dawn is breaking for the Indian. Fifty Osage savages in Oklahoma have filed petitions in voluntary bankruptcy. The next step will be to elope with the funds of a savings bank.

It is doubtless an indiscretion for a public man to say privately what would cause trouble if spoken openly. But the man who gives to the world what has been said to him in private confidence commits something more than an indiscretion, and little less than a crime.

There is such a thing as getting on the right side of a tornado, the right side being the north side. The rule drafted by meteorologists is to face the approaching cloud and then flee to the right. Take refuge in a cellar or cave, throw yourself on the ground and cling to a stake or stump. This is the surest means of escaping or surviving what as yet no human power can mitigate or prevent.

Great improvement in public roads is sure to attend and follow the multiplication of automobiles. One writer predicts that "before the end of 1910, the total mileage of macadam and asphalt will be increased by fully 100 per cent." More than \$300,000,000 is said to be pledged already to the manufacture of this class of vehicles. Till the storage battery is perfected and cheapened, the means of propulsion are practically limited to gas engines and petroleum products.

The Jains of India agree with the Buddhists in disallowing those Brahmanical ceremonies which involve the destruction of life. Being rigid vegetarians, they take extreme pains not to injure any living creature. They may drive a snake out of the house, but they spare its life. A rajah or prince of this persuasion says: "We endeavor to avoid even green vegetables, under the idea that cutting the plant may hurt it. We would not needlessly pluck a leaf from a tree, lest the tree should possibly feel pain." Similar was the superstition of a kindergarten, who taught the children that when it was necessary to pull up garden weeds, they should be carefully replanted in some other place!

According to Chambers' Journal M. Jaubert has solved the problem how to provide a person placed in a confined space with the practical means of preparing a respirable artificial air necessary for life. The chemical substance which he has discovered will purify the vitiated air of its carbonic acid, its watery vapor, and all the other impurities of exhalation, and will also restore to him in exchange just the quantity of oxygen he requires. Experiments by the French Admiralty have confirmed his assertions. Sixty to eight pounds of the new chemical will insure life to an adult for twenty-four

hours in a diving bell or submarine boat.

The homely but expressive maxim of the sporting gent that "a sucker is born every minute" daily receives exemplification, together with the corollary fact that a large percentage of the "suckers" attain maturity and acquire money out of which they may be swindled. On no other theory can we explain the survival of the "Spanish priest" swindle, which has been worked for many years and yet other years, despite the fact that it has been exposed in the newspapers times over number. It continues to bob up, and doubtless will continue to separate fools from their money for years to come. Everybody should know of it, yet if there be any reader who does not let us advise him to beware of letters purporting to come from a Spanish priest, telling of great treasures to be found at such and such a place provided a small sum of money be advanced for necessary expenses. If he yield to the promptings of avarice he will never see the color of his money again. Like the ghinko tree, the Spanish priest and his buried treasure are non-existent. They belong to the green goods and gold brick order of architecture. The downy bird will none of them.

A curious instance of the westward drift of the country's population appears in the latest report of the Pension Bureau. The official reports of the War Department for 1861-'65 show that New York led in the number of troops furnished; Pennsylvania came second, and Ohio third. The quotas of the respective States in the order named were 467,047, 366,107, and 319,659 men. On the pension list this order is exactly reversed. Ohio has the most pensioners, Pennsylvania stands next, and New York is third. There are 106,527 pensioners in Ohio, drawing \$15,456,000; 104,681 in Pennsylvania, drawing \$12,470,795; and 87,527 in New York, drawing \$12,003,854. Illinois stood fourth in the number of soldiers furnished, and it also stands fourth in the number of pensioners, though Indiana is fourth in the amount received for pensions. These changes may be traced entirely to natural and legitimate causes. It is nothing against Ohio that it leads in the number of its pensioners. If it has usurped the place that apparently belonged to New York it is because there has been a steady drift westward of population since the war, and enough of the veterans or soldiers' widows have moved from New York and Pennsylvania into Ohio to cause the change. The westward movement of the veterans explains why Kansas has now twice as many pensioners as it furnished soldiers.

From a published statement it appears that in eight Chicago high schools the number of pupils entered at the beginning of this school year was 5,500, of whom 1,493 were boys and 4,097 were girls—2,604 more girls than boys, or only four boys to every eleven girls. The Chicago Chronicle goes on to say that it may be stated as a partial compensation for this excess of girls that the attendance of the English high and manual training school was 530 boys and young men and no girls. But regarding the manual training as equivalent to the high school, we still have an excess of 2,004 girls, or more than twice as many girls as boys. This fact suggests the question whether the girls are not being educated away from the boys, so to speak, to a serious extent. The boys are taken from school at an earlier age than the girls and, it is to be presumed, set to work in occupations not requiring instruction in the high school branches. Is it well that so many of their sisters receive so much more schooling? Do not the latter acquire tastes and ambitions and ideas of life uniting them for the relation of marriage with the less cultivated young men? This is not a question which can be answered positively without much more information than is conveyed by the school statistics alone. It may be that many more of the boys than the girls pursue special studies after leaving school to qualify them for the work in life which they undertake. If so, these special studies may compensate for those pursued in the schools by the girls and not by the boys. There is some reason to think, however, that whatever compensation of this kind there may be it is not effective in bringing about congenial relations between the sexes later in life. It seems to be the fact that celibacy is on the increase; that the proportion of old bachelors and old maidens to the total population is higher than formerly. And if it is the fact we may reasonably look for one cause of it in the unequal education of the sexes in the public schools and the consequent separation of those who might otherwise be happily mated. If such is the case there is no obvious remedy. The present course in the matter of education is largely a matter of parental choice, and liberty in this respect cannot be restricted. It is a matter for individual study and not for State regulation.

A Rodent Wire-Walker.

There is a rat in Memphis which gives a slack wire exhibition every evening. He gives his performance at about the same time each evening, and he generally has quite a crowd out to see him. The rodent crosses Front street every evening about 7:30, walking on a telegraph wire. He has done the trick fifty times or more, and seems perfectly at home on the high wire.

Women as Sailors.

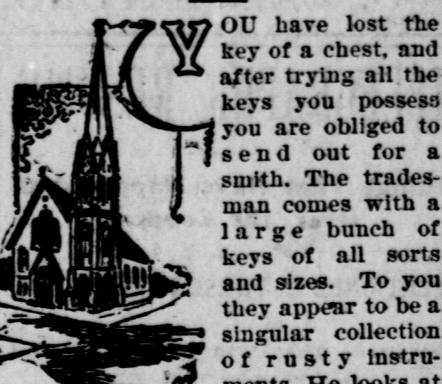
Women sailors are employed in Denmark, Norway and Finland, and they are often found to be most excellent and delightful mariners.

People often say, "The doctor says, so and so, as though that settled it. A doctor knows very little more than the rest of us."

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL DE-NOMINATIONS.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.



OU have lost the key of a chest, and after trying all the keys you possess you are obliged to send out for a smith. The tradesman comes with a large bunch of keys of all sorts and sizes. To you they appear to be a singular collection of rusty instruments. He looks at the lock, and then

he tries first one key and then another. He has not touched it yet, and your treasures are still out of your reach. Look, he has found the likely key; it almost touches the bolt, but not quite. He is evidently on the right track now. At last the chest is opened, for the right key has been found. This is a correct representation of many a perplexity. You cannot get at the difficulty so as to deal with it aright and find your way to a happy result. You pray, but have not the liberty in prayer which you desire. A definite promise is what you want. You try one and another of the inspired words, but they do not fit. You try again, and in due season a promise presents itself which seems to have been made for the occasion. It fits exactly as a well-made key fits the wards of the lock for which it was originally prepared. Having found the identical word of the living God, you hasten to plead it at the throne of grace, saying, "O, my Lord, Thou hast promised this good thing unto Thy servant; be pleased to grant it!" The matter is ended; sorrow is turned to joy; prayer is heard.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Peace and Pain.

The day and night are symbols of creation, And each has part in all that God has made, There is no ill without its compensation, And life and death are only light and shade. There never beat a heart so base and sordid But felt at times a sympathetic glow; There never lived a virtue unrewarded Nor died a vice without its meed of woe. In this brief life despair should never reach us, The sea looks wide because the shores are dim; The star that led the magi still can teach us The way to go if we but look to Him, And as we wade, the darkness closing o'er us, The hungry waters surging to the chin, Our deeds will rise like stepping stones before us— The good and bad—for we may use the sin.

A sin of youth, atoned for and forgiven, Takes on a virtue, if we choose to find; When clouds across our onward path are driven, We still may steer by its pale light behind. A sin forgotten is in part to pay for, A sin remembered is a constant gain; Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought to pray for, As next to peace we profit most from pain.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Leave the Result.

I have learned, I hope, the uselessness of forecasting. I don't mean that one should be heedless and careless about the future—far from that; but merely that, having done whatever seems for the best to-day, we should simply and reverently leave the result in God's hands. I often long to give a simple recipe to anxious people; let them write out over night what they expect to have happen to them the next day, going as much into detail as they can; and then the next evening let them write what really did happen. I do not mean that it will necessarily be either better or worse than their anticipations, but only that it will be so utterly different, nine times out of ten, as to prove the futility of forecasting.—Margaret Vandergrift.

Life and Happiness.

The real blessing, mercy, satisfaction, is not in the having or the lack of merely outward things, but in the consciousness that the true source of life and happiness is deeper than all these.—John W. Chadwick.

The Story of a Hymn.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

This well-known hymn was written by the Rev. John Fawcett, an English Baptist, who died in 1817, having spent nearly sixty years in the ministry.

In 1772, after a few years spent in pastoral work, he was called to London to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gell. His farewell sermon had been preached near Molesworth, in Yorkshire, six or seven wagons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure. But his loving people were heart-broken; men, women and children gathered and clung about him and his family with sad and tearful faces. Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Dr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing cases and gave way to grief.

"Oh, John!" cried Mrs. Fawcett at last, "I cannot bear this. I know not how to go." "Nor I, either," returned her husband, "and we will not go. The wag-

ons shall be unloaded and everything put in its old place."

His people were filled with intense joy and gratitude at this determination.

Dr. Fawcett at once sent a letter to London explaining the case, and then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of less than \$200 a year.

The above hymn was written to commemorate the event.

All Lives Are Interesting.

Not a blade of grass but has a story to tell, not a life but has its romance, not a life that does not hide a secret which is either its thorn, or its spur. Everywhere grief, hope, comedy, tragedy; even under the petrification of old age, as in the twisted forms of fossils, we may discover the agitations and tortures of youth. This thought is the magic wand of poets and preachers; it strips the scales from our fleshly eyes and gives us a clear view into human life; it opens to the ear a world of unknown melodies, and makes us understand the thousand languages of nature.—H. F. Amel.

Religious News.

The entire communicant membership of the Presbyterian Church North numbers 983,907.

The 184 Congregational churches of Scotland have an estimated membership of 30,000 and provide sitting for 80,000.

In America there are seventy Primitive Methodist stations, with the same number of ministers and about 7,000 members.

In ninety-one years of missionary work in China 3,000 missionaries have been engaged and about 100,000 converts reported.

As a result of work begun fifteen years ago, the Congregational Home Missionary Society has established 117 churches in fifteen States.

The Methodist and Presbyterian churches of Canada each propose to raise \$1,000,000 to commemorate the opening of the new century.

Rev. J. C. Ayers, believed to be the oldest minister in American Methodism, recently died at his home near Bristol, Kan., in his ninety-sixth year.

Methodism in England has 4,730 Bands of Hope, with a membership of 440,810, and the temperance societies of the church number 1,564, with 90,076 members.

Bishop Galloway, of the Methodist Church South, will preach the opening sermon of the Methodist Ecumenical conference, to be held in London in September, 1901.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal church at its last meeting appropriated \$90,000 for this year's work, the largest appropriation ever made.

The Lutheran church of Norway supports two extensive missions, one in Zululand, with fifteen stations, and 1,711 baptized members, and the other in Madagascar, with 53,000 adherents.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church has upon its rolls 700 native Bible women, who go from home to home in the cities and villages reading the Bible and teaching Christ.

The number of baptisms last year in the Presbyterian church were fewer in number than for some years. There were 17,882 adult baptisms to 21,574 the preceding year, and 24,998 infant baptisms to 27,768 the year previous.

Miss Dickinson's Portrait.

"Did you ever hear of Lavinia Dickinson's picture of her younger sister?" queried a woman who knew the celebrated writer and lecturer intimately.

"No? Well, Miss Dickinson's sister died, and the family had no portrait of her of any kind. She was a beautiful young woman, and Miss Dickinson began a patient work of years to get what she considered a good likeness. She collected a lot of photographs, drawings, engravings, etc., of women who had some facial resemblance to her sister. For example, from one she selected the forehead, another the mouth, another the eyes. From all these pictures a final selection was made of the features most resembling the dead sister. Then an artist was employed to incorporate all these into a portrait painting. It was a beautiful picture.

"Did it resemble Miss Dickinson's sister?"

The friend smiled.

"Really," she said, "the artist told me in confidence that it looked about as much like the sister as any one of the twenty-five models might resemble her."

Her Wayward Boy.

In Launceston (Tasmania) a mother of 90 years brought her son of 72 to the benevolent asylum to be looked after. The poor lad had apparently taken up with bad companions and fallen into bad habits. The other day his speech was certainly thick, while from the odor of his clothes and breath her worst fears were aroused—she'd every reason to suspect that he'd begun smoking. The asylum superintendent took charge of the lad, and promised to let his mother know if he misconducted himself so she might come and correct him. Tasmania has always been reckoned healthy, but this Launceston example points to the profound clairvoyance of Swift in imaging a land of Struldbrugs.—Sydney Bulletin.

So We All Would.

Crimpus—He could propose to perfection.

Crimpus—I should like to propose to perfection myself should I ever meet her.—Judy.

Dublin's Two Ancient Cathedrals.

Dublin has two ancient cathedrals, St. Patrick's and Christ Church, the former of which was restored by a brewer and the latter by a distiller.



A Square Silo.

The most economical and useful silo is the round one, as it is the most easy to make, and there are no corners in it to weaken the structure or interfere with the even settlement of the silage. The cost of a stave for a round silo should not be anything like one dollar; a simple piece of two by four timber without any beveling is quite sufficient, and this may almost anywhere be procured for ten dollars a thousand feet, board measure, where timber is abundant, and twice as much, at the most, elsewhere.

The drawing here given shows how the corners of a square silo are made to be air-tight, and to hold the building securely. The corner of a square silo is always the weak spot, for it is very rarely made air-tight or strong enough to resist the bearing of the timber apart. In this plan the corner posts are six by six timber. The pieces B B are one inch thick by four wide. The side boards are nailed on, as shown, to the main posts. Then the 2x4 pieces are nailed on and the other side boards are nailed to these, as shown by the dotted

alfalfa hay, with as large a yield and grown in one cutting. As is well known, peas have a beneficial effect on the soil, and when rightly used will prove a boon to run-down land.—Field and Farm.

The Home of the Potato.

Peru is the birthplace of the potato, which was used as an article of food by the Incas and exported to Europe by the Spaniards when they took over quinine bark and named in the honor of the Countess of Chinchon, whose husband at that time was Viceroy. The Indians had used the bark for medicinal purposes as long as any one could remember, but

Does Your Baking Powder Contain Alum?

Prof. Geo. F. Barker, M. D., University of Penn.: "All the constituents of alum remain (from alum baking powders) in the bread, and the alum itself is reproduced to all intents and purposes when the bread is dissolved by the gastric juice in the process of digestion. I regard the use of alum as highly injurious."

Dr. Alonzo Clark: "A substance (alum) which can derange the stomach should not be tolerated in baking powder."

Prof. W. G. Tucker, New York State Chemist: "I believe it (alum) to be decidedly injurious when used as a constituent of food articles."

Prof. S. W. Johnson, Yale College: "I regard their (alum and soluble alumina salts) introduction into baking powders as most dangerous to health."

In view of such testimony as this, every care must be exercised by the housewife to exclude the over and over condemned cheap, alum baking powders from the food.

Baking powders made from cream of tartar, which is highly refined grape acid, are promotive of health, and more efficient. No other kind should be used in leavening food. Royal Baking Powder is the highest example of a pure cream of tartar powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Washington's Sea Voyage.
As the companion of his invalid elder brother, Lawrence, then in a rapid consumption, George Washington sailed from Virginia on the 28th of September, 1751, arrived at Barbados on or about the 3d of November and sailed thence on his return to Virginia on board the Industry on the 22d of December. His passage each way was a rough one and prolonged to five weeks. The methodical young Virginian kept a diary during his trip, extracts from which were published by Jared Sparks in his "Writings of George Washington." This was the only time George Washington ever went outside the territory that became the United States. Note the fact that five weeks were occupied in making this little trip to Barbados.—Buffalo Commercial.

If you think you resemble a great man, say nothing. The resemblance may cease the moment you open your mouth.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

The opportunity of a lifetime must be seized during the lifetime of the opportunity.—Albany Argus.

Secret of a Girl's Beauty

Hon. J. H. FLETCHER, formerly Governor of South Dakota, but now a resident of Salem, Ore., says: "For over two years my daughter had been declining from a strong, healthy, well-looked girl to a pale, weak and helpless invalid. She was afflicted with terrible headaches, and gradually grew weaker and more languid, apparently without cause. I tried every doctor and all within my power. Finally, to please a friend, I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and to our surprise, before it was used her headache ceased, the color began to return to her cheeks and lips, and her strength began to assert itself. I bought five boxes more, and by the time she had finished them she was completely restored, and to this she is now robust, rosy, and healthily vivacious, a pale, tired, and sickly one." From the Oregon Independent, Salem, Ore.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen. At all drugstores, or dispensed from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

HOW TO STOP WORRYING.

There Is a Sure Way If You Will Only Make Yourself Think So.

"The usual way people set about stopping worry is a wrong one," writes Mary Boardman Page in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "That is why it is so unsuccessful. If a doctor tells a patient he must stop worrying, the patient is likely to say impatiently: 'Oh, doctor, don't I wish that I could! But I can't. If I could have stopped worrying a year ago, I would not be ill now!' All of which is probably perfectly true. And the doctor does not always know how to help him, because both doctor and patient have an idea that it is possible to repress worry through an effort of the will. This is mistake. It is not possible to repress worry. You have got to replace it with something else."

"Let me illustrate this by a figure. Suppose you were to go into a completely dark room, wishing it to be light. How would you set about the work? Would you try to scoop the darkness up in buckets and carry it out at the door? Not at all. You would just open the windows and shutters and let in the blessed sunlight. You would replace the darkness with light. So it is with worry. The only possible way to get rid of it is to replace the worry attitude of mind with the non-worry attitude. And this can always be done when the person is sincere and patient in his desire to bring it about. All he has to do is to be passive and let nature have her own perfect way with him."

Where's Your Dead Spot?

Most people have doubted their eyes when at some conjuring performance they have seen a man run needles and pins through both cheeks, evincing no pain as he does so. In reality every person has hundreds of senseless specks of skin all over his body through which he could run pins, or even cut them out, without feeling any pain. If some one else were to do so when he was blindfolded, he would not be even aware of the fact. Physicians call them dead spots, and the reason that one man can sew his cheeks up while another could not is simply because the former happens to have many hundreds of these spots in one place.

These dead spots are caused by the minute nerves which convey every sensation to the brain being either absent in these particular places or dead and senseless. But should any one of our readers allow himself to be blindfolded, and then get one of his friends to prod him very gently with a clean needle, say all on one arm, out of every hundred pricks he will feel only about 60 or 70 at the most.

In the other cases the needle will have touched dead spots.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There are many people who will never grow rich, because their habit is to spend all they get.—Evening Wisconsin.

Kate Field's Love Letter.

If that charming woman, the late Kate Field, did not marry, it was assuredly not because she did not have many admirers. A Washington lady has in her possession a little old bit of yellow paper upon which is penciled a boyish scrawl. It was preserved by Miss Field from her little girl days. The scrawl runs thus:

"wont yne mete me down bye The Gate, after school Yue nowe i Luv yue."

On the other side of the bit of paper is the address, thus:

"Miss Kate Field, Esq., last Seat nex to the Door goin out."

It must have been like a breath of the forgotten perfume of yesterdays when the clever, kindly woman happened upon this little old piece of yellowed paper on a rainy afternoon of rummaging.

Trapped by Its Portrait.

If an old English writer be true in his observations, the pheasant must be a very simple bird, for he declares that it puts its head in the ground and thinks that all its body is then hidden. This is just what our old friend the ostrich does in the African desert. The same author says that it was also captured by another curious plan. A picture of the bird was painted on cloth and then placed in a spot where it was sure of being seen. By and by a silly pheasant coming along catches sight of the portrait and goes up to have a close view of the new neighbor. While engaged in inspecting the canvas the fowler draws near from behind and throws his net over the unwaried art student.

How to Kill Them.

Although every housekeeper may not be a member of a band of mercy or humane society, she can help on the good work if she will practice some of the society's rules. For example, let her bear in mind that crabs to be properly killed should before boiling be thrust through the mouth and body with a sharp steel at one blow.

When a lobster is required, insert a narrow bladed knife into the third joint of the tail, severing the spinal cord. This will cause instant death and is much less cruel than to put it into the water alive, especially if it is not boiling, as the lobster then suffers a slow, lingering death.

Terrapin also should be mercifully killed before being cooked.

The eel tribe is said to be a terrible sufferer from man's inhumanity to fish. So difficult is it apparently to kill eels that people have even ceased to try to kill them at all. If their heads were cut off before they were otherwise handled, they would at once be out of misery.

To Stop Nosebleed.

To stop nosebleed cut some blotting paper about an inch square, roll it about the size of a lead pencil and put it up the nostril that is bleeding. The hollow in it will fill the space between the tube and the nose and will very soon coagulate and thereby stop the flow of blood.—New York Times.

A FIENDISH WEAPON.

It Would Kill and Leave No Mark to Tell the Tale.

"I have handled a good many outlandish weapons," said a New Orleans curio dealer, "but here is a little instrument that for pure devilishness beats anything I ever saw in my life. I bought it the other day from a Norwegian sailor, who tells me it was given to him by a Jap at Yokohama—a story that you may take for what it is worth."

As he spoke he opened a show case and took out what seemed to be an ordinary Chinese marking brush of rather large size. The handle was some ten inches long and the diameter of a lead pencil. By giving it a sharp twist it separated about a hand's breadth from the end, after the manner of a sword cane, and attached to the smaller piece was a slender glass rod with a needle point. The rod was not much bigger than a knitting needle, and with the handle it had the effect of a very small and delicate stiletto.

"I should think that would break if it were used to stab with," remarked a visitor after examining the contrivance.

"Certainly it would," replied the dealer, "and that is where the fiendishness of the thing comes in. Look closely at the glass rod and you will see a tiny groove filed around it about two inches from the hilt. Suppose that it was driven into the body of a man, it would be certain to break at the groove and would leave at least three inches of glass buried in his vitals. The puncture would be so small that it would close when the stump was drawn out, and I doubt exceedingly whether a single drop of blood would follow. In other words, the victim could receive his deathblow without knowing exactly what had happened to him. He would feel a shock and a pang, but find no wound, and meanwhile the assassin would stick his brush together and go about his business.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her Idea of It.

"She says if she couldn't have a family crest without buying one she'd do without a crest."

"I dare say. She is notoriously the stingiest woman in Chicago."—Detroit Journal.

Your genuine honesty doesn't have to carry a transparency to make itself seen and known to ordinary folk.—Detroit Journal.

A West Indian Hurricane.

Recently traveled up the coast at will, and acted in an entirely different manner from any other storm. Sometimes dyspepsia acts in the same way. It refuses to yield to treatment which has cured similar cases. Then Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be taken. It has cured stomach trouble for half a century.

When a boy gets so he needs a shave and a haircut all at once, he may be set down as thinking he is about grown.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness can be cured by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed there is a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be relieved and the tube opened again, the deafness will be destroyed forever.

Then Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be taken. It has cured stomach trouble for half a century.

When the picture was placed against the chair, the macaw, being in a distant part of the room, did not see it, but on retracing its steps the bird saw the portrait of its enemy and, with outstretched wings, furiously rushed at the hatched face and even tried to bite it.

Discovering that the face did not move, the macaw attacked the hand in the picture. As it moved not, the bird marched round the picture, as if examining what the thing was, and then walked away. Again and again the macaw repeated the advance, the attack and the retreat.

The singular story was noised abroad, and Edmund Burke, Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith visited Sir Joshua's parlor to see the exhibition. What made it the more remarkable was that when the macaw was tried with any other portrait it took no notice of the picture.—Youth's Companion.

The Macaw and the Portrait.

While Northcote was studying painting with Sir Joshua Reynolds he painted the portrait of one of the housemaids and placed the picture on the parlor floor, resting against a chair for the maid to see it. Sir Joshua had a large macaw, which he often introduced into his pictures. Between the bird and the housemaid there was no little hostility, as she had to clean up after him and represented his roaming habits.

When the picture was placed against the chair, the macaw, being in a distant part of the room, did not see it, but on retracing its steps the bird saw the portrait of its enemy and, with outstretched wings, furiously rushed at the hatched face and even tried to bite it.

Discovering that the face did not move, the macaw attacked the hand in the picture. As it moved not, the bird marched round the picture, as if examining what the thing was, and then walked away. Again and again the macaw repeated the advance, the attack and the retreat.

The singular story was noised abroad, and Edmund Burke, Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith visited Sir Joshua's parlor to see the exhibition. What made it the more remarkable was that when the macaw was tried with any other portrait it took no notice of the picture.—Youth's Companion.

Advantages of Emerson.

Bertha—But isn't there a good deal of Emerson's writings that you do not understand, Uncle Charles?

Uncle Charles—Of course there is. The great pleasure in reading Emerson is the opportunity it gives a man with a fertile imagination to think out meanings for profound passages.—Boston Transcript.

Now

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O 303

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

The Sorrowful Tree.

There is a tree in Persia to which the name "the sorrowful tree" is given. Perhaps because it blossoms only in the evening.

When the first star appears in the heavens the first bud of the sorrowful tree opens, and as the shades of night advance and the stars thickly stud the sky the buds continue gradually opening until the whole tree looks like one immense white flower. On the approach of dawn, when the brilliancy of the stars gradually fades in the light of day, the sorrowful tree closes its flowers, and ere the sun is fully risen not a single blossom is visible. A sheet of flower dust as white as snow covers the ground around the foot of the tree, which seems blighted and withered during the day, while, however, it is actively preparing for the next nocturnal festival. The fragrance of the blossoms is like that of the evening primrose.

If the tree is cut down close to the roots, a new plant shoots up and attains maturity in an incredibly short time. In the vicinity of this singular tree there usually grows another, which is almost an exact counterpart of the sorrowful tree, but less beautiful, and, strange to say, it blooms only in the daytime.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Obedient to the Letter.

Bobbie's Mamma—Now, mind, Bobbie, if they pass you the cake a second time at the party you must say, "No, thanks; I've had plenty," and don't you forget it.

Hestess (at the party)—Won't Bobbie have some more cake?

Bobbie (who hasn't forgotten)—Nope, thanks; I've had enough an don't you forget it!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1895.

The "Columbia" is the gem of the Ocean."

There is one man besides Bryan who will prevent the Democratic party from nominating Dewey in 1900, and that man is Dewey himself.

Mr. Bryan says President McKinley's Minneapolis speech marks an epoch in history. Mr. Bryan has made speeches enough to mark a whole cycle, without marking or remarking anything.

Free silver will go into the Bryan Democratic platform in 1900 and then be forgotten. Should gold production continue at the present rate, it is estimated that the output for 1900 will reach \$425,000,000 or double that of 1896.

Mr. Bryan is solicitous lest the half-civilized Tagalos and other tribes in the Philippine Islands may not be permitted to govern or misgovern themselves. As there are a few millions of native-born Americans who are governed without their consent by Bryan's political associates in several states of the American Union, while Mr. Bryan is in the philanthropic business of looking out for the oppressed, he may find scope for his talents nearer home.

General Funston describes the Philippines as "the largest body of undeveloped rich country in the world," and adds: "After paying the \$20,000,000, which we gave to Spain, and after standing the loss of the one or two hundred millions the insurrection will cost, our Government will have the biggest Klondike any nation has ever had." Funston evidently thinks our flag should stay where our army and navy have placed it.

We publish with much pleasure a communication in this issue setting forth the benefits to not only the members of the order, but to our town as well, derived from the Journeyman Butchers' Benevolent and Protective Association. We have never doubted or questioned the fact that this order, as well as that of the Woodmen of the World, organized here, have been of benefit and advantage to all concerned, not only in the manner set forth by our correspondent, but in the way also of the moral and social advancement of those connected with these societies. The only point we had in mind in our comments of last week was, that these societies, embracing as they do, a large number of the very best of our workingmen and citizens might be made the instrument of even more good, by lending their influence towards the establishment of a reading room and a night school here among the young men of our town, if not directly, then indirectly.

William Jennings Bryan has taken issue with the statement made by President McKinley at Minneapolis in which the President said: "I feel assured that Congress will provide for the Philippine Islands a government which will bring them blessings, which will promote their material interests as well as advance their people in the paths of civilization and intelligence." Bryan says the President's speech marks an epoch in history; that it is an abandonment of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and repudiates the people as the source of government. To further make clear his own objection to the President's declaration, Mr. Bryan added, "if we change the word Congress to Parliament and Philippines to Colonies, the reconstructed sentence would exactly express the sentiments of King George in revolutionary days." Mr. Bryan appears to regard the government of King George as on a par with that of the Republic of the United States. Again, Thomas Jefferson is the patron saint of Mr. Bryan and his party, yet, Thomas Jefferson bought Louisiana and an empire of land from France without consulting

the Spanish and French residents, and when Congress met, asked that body to provide just such government for the newly acquired territory and people as President McKinley feels assured Congress will provide for the Philippines; and just such a government as Congress provides for each and every territory of the United States until the same become States. Mr. Bryan's brain has become affected by the bugaboo of Imperialism and a colonial system—a phantasy which has no existence save in the distempered imagination of Mr. Bryan and his anti-expansion associates.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Aguinaldo's cousin is said to have been condemned to death for stealing treasury funds. If he had merely taken a bribe, as Aguinaldo himself did, he might have impressed Edward Atkinson as a third George Washington.—S. F. Chronicle.

THINK AND TALK SENSE.

Senator Shoup of Idaho, who has been investigating matters in Alaska strongly opposes setting up a Territorial Government there.

Alaska has been an American possession for over a quarter of a century without being accorded the privilege of even a Territorial Government, yet some wiseacres say we cannot hold the Philippines without admitting them to full membership in the Union, except by violating all American principles and traditions.

Such critics babble tommy-rot instead of doing their own thinking.—San Jose Herald.

A GOOD SERVICE.

Congressman Loud Returns From a Tour of Europe.

Congressman Loud has returned from an extended trip in Europe. His special business was to investigate the Mart system in England and on the continent. In an interview, he says, among other things: "I found nothing in Europe that was an improvement to the service we have. Without boasting, I think our service is superior to any in the world, and when we consider the high wages we pay in comparison with the wages paid in Europe it is surprising that our service is as economically handled as it is. We pay four and five times as much for service as they do in Europe. The English service is the highest paid in Europe. The highest salary a man may gain there is 30 shillings, equal to about \$7.50 a week.

They begin at 18 and work up to 30 shillings. This applies to clerks, carriers and railway mail clerks. Our postoffice clerks average \$900 a year and begin at \$600. Our carriers average \$950 and get \$1000 after two years, while railway mail clerks average \$1050. Yet our service on the whole is about as cheaply managed as theirs. This is largely due to the systematizing of the work with us and to the fact that our men do more work than the men employed in the European countries. This applies to all branches of business."

DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

RATHER EMBARRASSING.

The Sad Case of the Young Woman Who Wanted to Talk.

Never was the condition of the National Treasury more satisfactory. The gold reserve is over \$150,000,000, higher than the average of Cleveland's second term, and it is considerably more than twice as large as it was then, notwithstanding Cleveland's sale, in a time of profound peace, of bonds amounting to over \$262,000,000. Moreover, notwithstanding increased expenses, the present revenues are paying all expenditures, contrary to Democratic and anti-expansion prophecies.—Exchange.

While France stands next to Great Britain in the number of war vessels, according to the Marine Review, as a matter of fact, the fighting capacity of the American navy today is second only to that of Great Britain. "Already," says the Review, "the eyes of every naval officer across the Atlantic are upon us, eagerly watching the experiments we are making. This fact, that we are now considered a great naval power, will doubtless cause the anti-imperialists to see bugaboos working the rapid dissolution of the Republic.—Exchange.

Within a very few years the United States has doubled her exports. Somehow manufacturers and exporters failed to give much heed to the frantic appeals and prophecies of the Democrats that the enactment of the Dingley protective tariff would kill our export trade; but kept right on exporting and capturing new markets abroad. In the first seven months of 1899 our exports of manufactures alone were nearly \$212,000,000 or \$1,000,000 a day, while in the corresponding months of 1895, they were in round numbers \$110,000,000 or half a million dollars a day.—Exchange.

The evidence presented at the recent meeting of the National Irrigation Congress in Montana called attention to the fact that while manufacturers and capitalists are looking abroad for territory in which to establish markets, there are today within our own borders great tracts of arid lands, which, if irrigated by the stored waters of the streams which now run to waste, would accommodate a vast population of home-builders, affording a ready and generous market virtually at the doors of our manufacturers.—Exchange.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Why read love stories? Why not get into one?

What a good time a giraffe must

have rubber-necking!

Every man abuses the fool doctrines of others, and is faithful to his own. Too little credit is given to the listener and too much to the talker.

Help your friends while they are alive; don't wait to give them a big funeral.

Some people are like the parson's mare; they plug along, but are mighty swift when you attempt to pass them.

Take a man's old slouch hat, put a rooster feather in it, and his wife can wear it this fall.

No one can be romantic, and have enough sense to be trusted with the buying of a sack of salt.

It is as easy to effect fusion between Populists and Democrats in Kansas now as it is to get a drink.

"I've got no case," said a lawyer who was trying a suit for damages against a railroad, "but I've got the jury."

If the fools continue to demand new doctrines every fool will finally have a belief of his own and a "leader" to fleece him.

Often the difference between a wife and a widow is that the death of the husband changes the mourning from her face to her clothes.

When a woman has imaginary trouble, she has a great deal to say about the flower, that, being trampled on, gives out a sweater odor.—Atchison Globe.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

[Written for THE ENTERPRISE.]

How pleasant is the living

Where the wronged man gets on top;

Where the rich are ever giving,

And the villains ever flop;

Where the wicked, heartless villain

On a sudden ceases living

When the weak man has the "drop"—

On the stage.

Where the wounded maid recovers

From her jealous lord's onslaught;

Where an angel ever hovers,

And the wicked all are caught:

Where the "swag" they sure recover

Ere the thief is under cover,

And the end with good is fraught—

On the stage.

I have seen a tyrant stagger

"Neath the curse of humble wight;

Seen the mighty tot to swagger,

Was the quickest put to night.

I have seen the flashing dagger,

Seen the tyrant deadly stagger

"Neath the sullen face of night—

On the stage.

Seen the poor win sudden riches

All with beauties true for wives;

Seen the rich consigned to ditches,

All a-digging for their lives:

I have seen with spangled breeches

All the toilers from the ditches,

All be-diamonded their wives—

On the stage.

O the happiness revealing—

See the lover plight his vow,

O'er lace, on velvet kneeling—

Sure the ladies will allow:

See the blushes softly stealing,

By the lime-light all revealing,

With no parent round to row—

On the stage.

the happy, happy ending.

Where forever "all is well."

Where mid light and music blending—

Are the maidens and women "swell":

Where the lights jeweled their charms are lending,

And with jeweled beauty blending,

And the denouement is well—

On the stage.

DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

The Sad Case of the Young Woman Who Wanted to Talk.

A most embarrassing experience was that of a certain West Philadelphia young woman who a few evenings ago attended a reception, in which a number of well known clubwomen participated. It so happened that among these were several who had found the matrimonial yoke an unwelcome one for various reasons and had obtained legal separation from their husbands. To one of these women, quite unwittingly, having just been introduced, the young woman, who is nothing if not vivacious and conversational, addressed the question:

"By the way, Mrs. R., don't you think divorce is wrong?" The woman, reddening slightly, replied:

"My dear, there are two sides to that question. Perhaps you have not heard my story."

The questioner, embarrassed beyond measure, stammered an excuse and walked away. To the first woman she met she confided her trouble, saying: "Oh, dear! I have just made a most unfortunate remark. You know Mrs. R.? Well, I spoke to her about divorce, and she's divorced, you know."

"So am I, my dear," was the smiling reply, and once again the young woman wished that the floor would open under her. She felt so bad that she went to one of the women in charge of the reception and, taking her aside, told her the whole story, asking her advice as to what she should do.

"Do nothing at all, Miss I.," was the reply. "I really don't think they have any horror of the subject so long as it's innocently called up. I know I haven't, and I, too, am a divorcee."

Whereat the conversational miss donned her hat, and, fearing to say another word, went home.—Exchange.

A Bad Symptom.

"Has George ever hinted that he had thought of you as a possible wife?" asked the anxious mother.

"No," replied the girl, a faraway look in her eyes, "and I'm afraid he never will."

"Why," said the mother, "I thought—"

"It doesn't matter what you thought, mamma dear," interrupted the daughter. "Only last night he complained of feeling drowsy, and it wasn't 9 o'clock."

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A PART OF HIS STORY

ONE CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

A Dramatic Incident in a Career Which May Have Ended Behind Prison Bars or Which May Now Be Full of Happiness and Hope.

"These little detached passages in other people's stories that we are continually running into by pure chance," said an old reporter off duty, "are the most fascinating and tantalizing things in life. Sometimes we get a whole chapter, sometimes we get nothing more than a scrap of dialogue, and as often as not it's only a glance of the eye or a gesture of the hand, but we realize all the same that we have accidentally intruded upon some poignant human document of which we are never to know either the beginning or the end. I have often amused myself by taking such fragmentary morsels and attempting to reconstruct around them a logical sequence of events, just as naturalists build up fossil monstrosities from small sections of their big toes, and I may add that the invariable result of my efforts has shattered my faith in comparative zoology. I am forced to believe that the naturalists are faking us. However, when—" "Oh, well," said somebody in the office, "go ahead and tell the story and have done with it."

"The incident I had in mind," continued the old reporter, looking somewhat injured, "was narrated to me by a gentleman of this city who is now manager of an extensive orange grove, with offices in New Orleans. Eight or nine years ago, before he assumed his present position, he had charge of a large sugar plantation up the river, and one day during the grinding season a young Englishman came to his office and applied to him for work."

"What's wrong?" inquired the newcomer.

"Oh, we've all got our troubles!" was the vague and ingenuous reply.

"You oughtn't to have any."

"But I have, just the same."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm worried sick because I haven't got an elevator boy."

"There shouldn't be any difficulty in removing that trouble, I should say."

"There is. I've tried 40 and can't get one to suit."

"You must be very hard to please."

TOWN NEWS.

Hallow Eve Ball.
What has become of the Baden Gun Club?
The Tax Collector will be in town next Friday.
Work continues to be rushed at the rock quarry.

Miss Rachel McCrimmon left on Wednesday for her home in Oakland.

Mrs. Vandenberg returned home on Tuesday from her visit in Sonoma county.

Fred Desirello has put a new fence in front of his residence on Linden avenue.

Mrs. Robert Ripley was called to the city on Monday by the illness of her mother.

The season for shooting quail is now open and will last until November 15th. "Johnny, get your gun."

Don't forget that Tax Collector F. M. Granger will be here to collect taxes on October 27th (next Friday).

The Chathams won their suit in the Superior Court at Redwood City for a share in the big fat estate of Robert Mills.

Grand avenue, between the Postoffice and the Martin block, has been improved the past week with a good layer of crushed rock.

George Eikenkotter is once more a resident of this thriving burg. Like all the rest, George has returned to his first love.

George H. Chapman, secretary of the Land and Improvement Company, was in town on Wednesday on business for the company.

Don't forget the grand ball of the Butchers and Woodmen, on next Saturday evening, for the benefit of the Children's Christmas tree.

With certain of the city dailies racing at Oakland is moral, a laudable and desirable, while racing at Ingleside is detestable, diabolical and damnable.

Fred A. Cunningham, of Company M, Twentieth Regiment Kansas Volunteers, spent Saturday and Sunday in town visiting his aunt and uncle, Mrs. and Mr. E. E. Cunningham.

The Western Turf Association will open their track at Tanforan Park on November 6, instead of November 4th, on account of the compromise recently made between the rival race tracks, as opening on November 4th would interfere with the dates at the Oakland track.

In our account of the incipient fire at the People's Store last week we inadvertently gave the credit for preventing a fire to Mr. Miner. The principal credit was, however, due to Miss Hannah Cohen, who picked up the blazing lamp from the floor in the rear end of the store, where it had failed, and carried it to the front door at great peril to herself and at a cost of burned fingers. After Miss Hannah put the burning lamp on the floor Mr. Miner extinguished it. The act of the young lady required unusual courage and presence of mind.

Our public school, after a vacation of one week, will reopen on Monday morning. Principal Heiner earnestly desires regular attendance on the part of pupils. Parents cannot overestimate the importance of seeing that their children are in school every day. A day lost from school is much like a link out of a chain. Not only does the advancement of the pupil depend upon regularity in attendance, but the apportionment of school funds is also made upon the aggregate number of days' attendance as well as upon the number of pupils. We trust parents will keep this in mind and see to it that their children are not only in school, but that they are there as nearly as is possible every day of the school term.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The Board of Supervisors met Monday. All members were present.

Owing to an error in the specifications of the Bear Gulch creek bridge the bill of the Dundon Bridge Company was rejected, and the Clerk instructed to readvertise for bids.

A communication was read from R. H. Jury, Clerk of the City of San Mateo, asking the board to make certain repairs on the San Mateo creek bridge in the corporate limits of San Mateo. On motion the matter was referred to the District Attorney to report at next meeting.

A petition was read from certain property owners of the First township opposing the proposition to make San Bruno a part of the main county road. There being nothing on file asking the board to make the proposed change, the petition was withdrawn at the request of R. S. Thornton.

Elizabeth McDonald, an indigent person of the First township, was allowed further aid of \$8 a month for three months.

San Mateo Coursing Park gave notice that it would apply at the next meeting for a liquor license.

John Skelly of the First township was granted a junk peddler's license for three months.

Superintendent Clayton of the electric railroad called attention to the crossing at Millette, saying the road at that point should be widened to uniform width of sixty feet. He had seen the railroad people and they were willing to pay one-third of the cost of such work and construct an iron bridge providing the county and electric railroad would stand the other two-thirds.

The chairman stated that the railroad had agreed to lengthen the bridge within a certain time, and that time had already elapsed. He believed it was within the power of the board to enforce compliance with that agreement. Further consideration of the matter will be had at the next meet-

ing. The following claims were allowed.

	FIRST ROAD FUND.
Robert Inches	\$ 64 00
John Heasgey	44 00
W B Elberg	86 00
James Dooley	42 00
S Parkinson	92 00
Wm Rehberg	21 00
P. Borchard	36 00
J. Bauer	26 07
John Collets	21 00
Henry Brecht	27 00
E F Smith	7 00
A Jonevin	24 00
Geo. C. Gentry	23 00
O. H. Howell	38 00
M J Malone	4 00
L Tavil	4 00
O Guttersough	4 00
W S Taylor	41 00
B. W. Tilton	91 65
H Q Tilton	41 00
John F Bauer	202 60
A German	35 00
A. Bunting	27 00
Geo. L. Kelly	5 50
H S Gilbert	4 00

FIRST ROAD DISTRICT—SPECIAL FUND.

A Gibson	44 00
Wm Rehberg	113 00
F Sweeny	40 00
S Valencia	29 00
Mrs James Kerr	24 00
C Borchard	96 00
A Jonevin	106 00
J H Maloney	6 00
Thomas Kerr	38 00
John Mangini	44 00
Chas Griece	2 00
Wm T. Taylor	38 00
Spring Valley Water Co.	93 95
A Kluge	54 00
Jean Bauer	62 00
Fred Bauer	56 00
E. M. Guglio	96 00
A. M. Mersey	40 00
J Selicani	50 00

GENERAL FUND.

Tacoma Mill	114 28
Peninsula Lighting Co.	23 00
Excelsior Redwood Co.	12 57
James Hannan	12 00
Times-Gazette	21 54
Caldwell & Wilson	27 00
R. M. Mattingly	3 00
P. F. Roberts	3 00
P. P. Chamberlain	13 50
Town of Redwood City	11 25
H. H. Schindler	315 90
E. Howard	50 00
W. E. Wagner	107 30
Democrat	192 45
E. E. Cunningham	73 50
Daniel Neville	2 00
W. M. Barrett	13 85
Sunset Telephone Co.	Sunset Telephone Co.

SUDDEN DEATH OF AN OLD MAN.

On Sunday morning last an old man, named George Ancelarius, was found dead in his room at the house of Mr. Charles Johnson in this town.

About two weeks prior to his sudden death the old man had applied for and obtained work as a carpenter at the race track. On Monday, the 9th inst. he was not feeling well and left the hotel at Tanforan Park and applied for and obtained a room and board at Charley Johnson's house.

Ancelarius was ailing through the week, but on Saturday last declared that he felt much better and intended going back to work on Sunday morning. He ate supper with Mr. Johnson's family, and about 8 o'clock p.m. went to his room.

Mr. Johnson went to his room Sunday morning to call Ancelarius, and getting no answer, opened the door, which was unfastened, and saw the old man with his coat and shoes off kneeling by the bedside. Mr. Johnson stepped to the bed and placed his hand on the old man's shoulder, when he discovered that he was dead.

Ancelarius had stated that his age was 78 years; that he was a California pioneer and had been engaged many years in the mining districts building mills, being a millwright and carpenter. Old age and general debility was found to be the cause of death by the Coroner's jury.

GRAND HALLOWEVE BALL.

A grand ball will be given under the joint auspices of the Journeyman Butchers and Woodmen of the World for the benefit of a Christmas tree for the children of our town, on next Saturday evening, October 28, 1899. Good music will be provided and it will be the aim of those having the entertainment in hand to make it one of the most enjoyable affairs in the history of the town.

The purpose is a most laudable one and there should be no lack of support upon the part of our people. Let everybody buy a ticket. Admission only 50 cents.

UNION COURSING PARK.

The talent had a good day at Union Park Sunday, beginning with the first round. The Centennial stake, which was run down in five rounds, fell to T. J. McInerney's Nora, who defeated Sweet Emma, Rusty Gold, Cash, Theron and Thornhill. Thornhill defeated Pleasant Girl, Tea Rose, Royal Flush and Lady Emma. The reserve stake, of which two rounds were run off on Saturday, went to T. J. McInerney, owner of Regina R. and Johnnie R., who were left in the final round and divided the money. It was certainly McInerney's day, for the Johnnies swept everything before them and won more than \$300 for their owner.—S. F. Chronicle.

October 18, 1899.

To the Editor of the Enterprise:

Dear Sir.—Noticing in the edition of The Enterprise dated October 7, 1899, your remarks respecting the two fraternal orders located in this town, you say these orders draw considerable sums from the pockets of members, and professedly they exist for the purpose of benefiting those who join them. On behalf of the Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, I wish to state they certainly do that, as a goodly number can prove who have received benefits, and, more than this, we think we can fairly claim that we have benefited the town to some extent by circulating money for rent, entertainments, music, etc., as a few statistics given below of amounts paid out for the past fifteen months will go to show. Sick benefits paid out, \$624; incidental expenses, \$624; cash on hand and in bank, \$432.

With such showing as this we think this order ought to claim the confidence of all wage earners, for where can you invest a dollar to better advantage than to provide against accident or sickness? Member.

HOW A BULLET TRAVELS.

Lessons the Soldier Is Taught In Learning How to Shoot.

The soldier is taught that the bullet travels through the air in a curved line called the trajectory, and that three forces act upon it—first, the exploded charge, tending to drive it forward in a straight line along the line of fire; second, the force of gravity, and third, the air resistance. At 200 yards, owing to these forces, the bullet traveling at the rate of 2,000 feet a second, will have fallen about two feet. In the excitement of firing at close quarters the aim will invariably be too high.

It has been calculated that when the enemy approaches within 850 yards the soldiers will instinctively fire as much as two feet or three feet above their heads. Now, it has been found by experiment that the fact of fixing bayonets will cause the bullet to drop a distance of about 3½ feet in 850 yards, and therefore when about this distance from the enemy soldiers are instructed to fix bayonets, in order to counteract the excessive elevation of their aim.

The recruit learns that the mean extreme range of the bullet is 8,500 yards, and that the longest shot ever observed was 8,760 yards. He is taught the penetrating power of his weapon, a subject full of interest. To take one or two examples, rammed earth gives less protection than loose; bullets easily find their way through joints of walls, while a concentrated fire of about 150 rounds at 200 yards will breach a nine inch brick wall.

Only experience can teach a soldier how much he must aim to the right or left of his mark to counteract the force of the wind. A side wind has more effect on the flight of the bullet than a wind blowing directly toward the firer.

The soldier must learn the habits of his rifle, since some shoot higher or lower than others. Every rifle, like every marksman, has its own individuality.—Pearson's Weekly.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

Explanation of What Seems Preciousness in Imaginative Children.

"An active, healthy imagination is one of the happiest gifts a child can possess," is the theory advanced by Florence Hull Winterburn, the well known radiologist, in The Woman's Home Companion.

"If we watch an intelligent child, four or five years old, who believes himself unnoticed we will probably be astonished at the richness and fertility of the fancy which can give life and color to whole stories and dramas around the simple toy that means nothing more to us than what it plainly stands for. But we will perceive that even his wildest romances found themselves upon many facts, for free and frolicsome as imagination may appear, it is subject to its laws. It deals with real things in a playful way. It embroiders, paints, molds, but it must have its material, its basis in actual life."

"What we call creative ability is really nothing but the power to reconstruct, perhaps to connect several separate plans or patterns into a whole which seems different from the original. The child is an artist who daubs on his colors boldly, without any sense of the absurdities he may commit, and so he often produces effects that surprise others as well as himself. Many of the acts that seem so precocious because we suppose them to be the outcome of a well considered plan are really happy accidents, not devoid of the merit of originality, but neither to be overpraised as work of genius. Childhood is one unbroken succession of experimenting."

A MUCH ABUSED WORD.

The way certain words are misused and abused should appeal to one. It is a fact that if any word has tried to adapt itself to every possible and impossible situation "grand" is the one that has made the attempt. A person needs but walk about any city to be confronted with Grand hotels and Grand View houses. Sometimes it fits the house which it adorns, sometimes it seems but a sardonic attempt to make them seem the more forlorn. It tries to the sublime and describes the mountains, it descends to the level of everyday life and appears as a descriptive term when the weather is mentioned.

On the lips of the milliner it lures on to her doom the woman who without the support of a friend is selecting a hat, and the "doesn't she look grand in that?" causes her to depart with the hat in her possession. One hears about "grand" dinners and "grand" times, but the last straw is when the shopwoman says, "That coat fits you something grand."—New York Sun.

A MUSICAL SNAKE.

The Pittsburgh Times is responsible for this tale of black snakes who loved music not wisely but too well. One of the ophidians became so proficient in musical knowledge that he crawled into a church with a number of companions, wiggled up on the organ bench, pushed up the lid with their aid, grasped with his tail the lever that started the water motor and proceeded to play the organ with his head, varying the performance by crawling over the keys. He scared the choir nearly into fits one Sunday by entering during service time.

COLD AND CHLOROFORM.

It has been found that an apparatus for killing animals with chloroform in England would not work in India, because the high temperature prevented the concentration of the chloroform vapor. That this was the case was proved by the fact that by placing ice in the box the animals were readily killed.

SOUTH DAKOTA CAVE.

ALMOST UNKNOWN RIVAL TO KENTUCKY'S WONDER.

It Is Thirteen Miles from Hot Springs—Has Been Explored for Ninety-one Miles—Was Accidentally Discovered by a Deer Hunter.

Wind cave, thirteen miles from Hot Springs, S. D., is visited annually by about 3,000 people, although the place is not generally known to American citizens. At present the admissions average about 3,000 annually and do not yield enough revenue to pay the lawyers who are contesting the ownership of the property.

The cave is now in the possession of a man named Folsom, a distant relative of Grover Cleveland's wife. He holds the fort by virtue of a judgment on mechanic's lien, having been employed to explore the cave and failing to receive his pay therefor.

Wind cave is reached by stages over bad roads. Arriving at the cave, the first impressions are disappointing. The visitors are prepared for the trip by putting on old shoes and white skull caps, and when all are ready are given a candle each. Mr. Folsom then unlocks a door, which reveals a room just large enough to cover a trap in the floor. The trap swings upward and the visitors go down in single file by a narrow, precipitous flight of steps to a depth of about 100 feet. The walks and passages are then reached, leading at intervals into the various chambers, of which there are 2,100 in the cave. There are further descents until one gets some 500 feet below the entrance.

In some of the chambers it is possible to stand erect, and some are quite lofty, but the connecting passages are very low. Ladies' dresses are decorated with the drippings of candles, and the struggle to get through the narrow passages is such as to make many declare that one visit to Wind cave is quite enough.

The cave has been explored a distance of ninety-one miles. Four years of labor and \$26,000 in money have been expended upon it thus far. Like many of nature's secrets, Wind cave was discovered by accident. The story is that Mike Bingham, a hunter, shot a deer, which ran until it dropped near a clump of bushes. When Mike reached the spot where the deer lay he noticed a strong draft of air, which seemed to come from behind the bushes. He was led to investigate, and found that it came from an opening in the side of the mountain. The wind was so strong that when he threw his hat into the hole it was blown out with such force as to fall twenty feet away.

He went home and reported what he had seen to his brother, who was incredulous and asked Mike if he had been drinking. Nevertheless, the brother was induced to visit the place and the cap experiment was tried, but meanwhile the wind had changed and the cap went into the cave as rapidly as it was blown out the day before.

An investigation of the interior, supplemented by excavation, led to the belief that the cave could be utilized as a great natural curiosity, but as it was still the property of the Government it was necessary to obtain title under the United States land laws. Hence the making of mineral and agricultural entries and the consequent litigation that has resulted.—New York Journal.

FOOD OF FILIPINOS.

Flying Foxes Considered Fine Tit-Bits by the Malays.
Chicago is much interested in a pair of flying foxes received at the Zoo from the Philippines. These foxes are considered fine tit-bits by the Malays. They hang from the trees in the day-



FAVORITE FOOD OF FILIPINOS.

time head down. The natives knock them from the trees like chestnuts, carry them home in basketfuls and cook them with an abundance of spices, when, it is said, they are really very good eating, something like hare.

LIVING IN FRANCE.

It Does Not Come Up to Our American Ideas of Comfort.

We exaggerate in our minds the luxury of life on the continent. No hotel there equals any of the first-class hotels in our great cities. The first thing to disappoint us is the lift—what we elaborately call the elevator. It is a poor piece of machinery abroad, always stopping, and always out of order.

In the best hotel in Paris, the Continental, one gets luxury, comfort, and even splendor, but never one's cards or notes. There is a fatal gulf for these. One is a number, not an individuality. The table is, however, very luxurious. It is a clean and well-ordered caravansary. As for the comfort of warmth in winter, they do not know the meaning of the word. We are justly accused

of exaggerating the heat of our rooms in America; the furnace is denounced; but after freezing to death in Paris, one of the coldest cities, very far north, cursed with an abominable winter climate, one returns willingly to the heated rooms of America.

We exaggerate the excellence of the French bed. There is no such thing in France as that comfortable, broad, low thing which we call a French bed. A high, hard, narrow shelf is the apology for it.

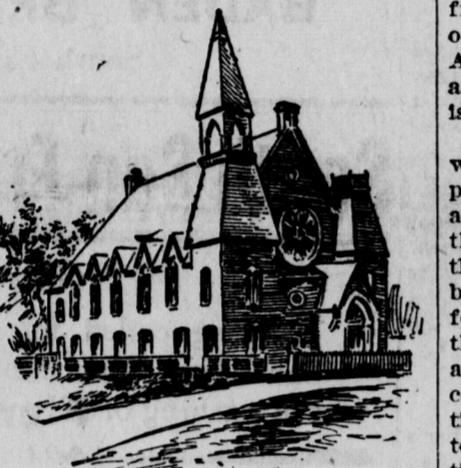
We exaggerate our comforts by having gas in our sleeping-rooms, and hot and cold water in our stationary wash bowls and bath-rooms. They never exaggerate comfort in France. You have as many candles as you will pay for, and no bath, unless you order it, when men laboriously bring you a tub filled with hot or cold water, and take it away after you have bathed.

We exaggerate very much the supposed good living in France. To go to a hotel in Paris to live we must expect out of the season very little good food, very little that is sustaining and nourishing. It is "all sauce." There are no good joints of mutton, no good American desserts. There is an especial discomfort to the sick, who never get good toast, good custard, good tapioca pudding, nor oysters that they like.—Harper's Bazaar.

BIG COUNTRY CHURCH.

Owned by Willow Creek Presbyterian Congregation at Argyle, Ill.

A great brick church with towering cathedral roof and stained Gothic windows, rearing its bulk out of fields of broad-leaved corn and yellow, waving grain, is the unique spectacle presented at Argyle, Ill. Argyle is a township, not a town, and the church and the cozy little manse nestling under its wing stand out in the open country with only a farmhouse or two in sight. This edifice, known as Willow Creek Presbyterian Church, is the largest country church in the United States. The cost of construction was \$15,000 in 1870. The seating capacity is 800, which is taxed to its utmost every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The members number something like 500, nearly every one of whom is a Scotchman. The church register bristles with such good old Caledonian names as the Ralstons, Andrews, Campbells, Watsons and MacDonals. Within radius of seven or eight miles from the Willow Creek Church the country is settled almost exclusively by the Scotch, and nearly all of them worship at the church in question. On a Sunday morning it is no un-



WILLOW CREEK CHURCH.

common sight to see 150 teams hitched in the long sleds next to the church and to the double row of posts provided for that purpose. Some of them have come as far as nine miles. A better dressed, more intelligent-looking audience than gathers here cannot be found in any country church in the world. The men, sunburnt though they are, are all attired in conventional Sunday black. The women, whatever the tenets of their stern old forefathers may have been, are manifestly not blind to the progress of fashions. The Rev. William Irvine Alexander, pastor, is 32 years old. His salary is \$1,500 a year, raised by renting the pews. With no rent to pay and an unfailing stream of good things flowing into his larder from the gardens, fields and poultry yards of his prosperous parishioners, this stipend goes as far as three times that amount would go in the city. Yet an Arcadian simplicity and honesty are found here. The quaint custom prevails of leaving shawls and wraps on the floor of the vestibule or strung along the stairs and landings, while veils are twisted around the railings. Again, in the young people's meeting, held at 7 o'clock on Sunday evenings and attended by from 200 to 300, the braw laddies sit on one side of the house and the winsome lassies on the other—a survival of an old Scottish custom.

Unanimous.

Ordinary minds are quite as apt to think alike as great ones, when there is a question of comfort or convenience to be settled, and there is no need of ascribing to telepathy the unconcerned action of a military regiment during a sham battle near Nashville. A writer in the Rochester Democrat tells the story:

In order to make the drill realistic, it was given out that some of the men should fall as if shot, but no particular ones were specified. It was a very hot afternoon, and it struck me that it would be a good thing to fall in a shady spot and rest, while the other soldiers drilled and perspired.

The first shady spot we reached I fell all right, but the same bright idea had struck every member of the company, and the Captain suddenly turned and found his entire company "killed."

He fined us \$5 each, and we came to life again and finished the drill.

A mother's cup of happiness is never full until her children voluntarily offer their candy to the preacher.

Don't play another man's game. This is old but good advice.

MISSION OF THE ANGELUS.

Millet's Famous Painting Has Carried a Message of Hope to the World.

This celebrated painting was given to the world in 1850, but the painter did not live to see it reach the height of its fame. Millet died in 1875. In 1880 the picture was bought at auction by the American Art Association and brought to the United States and exhibited in the principal cities, but in 1890 was sold to the agents of M. Chauard for \$150,000, the purchaser signifying his intention of keeping it as long as he should live, and presenting it to the Louvre at his death.

Etched, painted, woven into tapestries, reproduced by various processes, the picture has become a familiar one in all countries, and one which speaks to the masses everywhere of the people's toll, their rest and their worship. No matter how poor the copy, the spirit of the original is there. The ear catches the distant sound of the bells ringing their solemn call to worship; the evening sky is bright with the sunset glow; labor is relieved of its curse, and the slaves of the soil become the children of God. Two peasants, a man and a woman, at the sound of the An-

bell from a distant church, have sped their work and stand in the field praying with bowed heads. It would be hard to conceive a more simple and pathetic representation of peasant life in France, and it is not strange that it touched the hearts of the common people. Here the peasant is in his grandeur, living by the soil and the fruit of hard, incessant work. In the picture and out of it type proclaims that in spite of man's oppression—in spite of long hours of work, coarse fare and the absence of culture—the toiler can be kept from being brutalized by that voice from the sky, heard in the bells of the Angelus, which speaks of peace, of God, and of the final redemption. If "The Angelus" has a social mission it is to indicate the only way out of the thralldom of the centuries—the way God has provided. And if you think the world is terribly wicked—if you think hard toll fearfully enslaving and deadening to the senses—go to beautiful Barbizon, hear the ringing of the Angels at morning, noon and evening, and even though hope has died in your heart it will revive and live again.—Woman's Home Companion.

Boyhood of Dreyfus.

A special to the Philadelphia Times from Pittsburg says:

Louis Perrot, a Pittsburg florist, was probably more interested in the progress of the Dreyfus trial than any other Pittsburg citizen. His interest arises from the fact that he was a playmate of Dreyfus in the town of Mulhouse, Alsace. He, of course, hoped for the acquittal of his former comrade in boyish sports. Of Dreyfus he says:

"He was very popular. His father was a dry-goods merchant, rich and prominent in the town. Capt. Dreyfus and I attended the same school. Then the studies were all in French. After the war between France and Germany both French and German were taught for a time, and then only German. I think it was during the war, or shortly after, that Dreyfus was sent away to college. I did not see him any more until he was a young man, and then not to talk to him. He came home for a time, and I remember seeing him about the town in his college cap and gown. That was the last I knew of him until I began to read about his trial.

"While we were in school as boys, we played such games as schoolboys usually do, and it was only during play that I saw anything of Dreyfus. While the war was in progress, we all wore the red, white and blue and were enthusiastic for France. I do not recall that Dreyfus was more or less enthusiastic than the rest of us in this matter, but that he was thoroughly French he is shown by his having become a French soldier after Alsace became German territory."

American Marksmanship.

It was said during the late war with Spain that America's success was due to the fact that her sailors could shoot straight. Skill of that kind is no new thing for Americans. As far back as 1775 it was found that the marksmen of this land could stand a test specially designed to throw out all but the most expert.

Harper's Magazine reminds its readers of the June of that year, when Congress passed a resolution creating a corps of sharpshooters. Couriers on relays of swift horses carried the news to the various county committees on the frontier. In less than sixty days from the date of the resolution, 1,430, instead of the 810 men required, had been raised, and had joined the army, marching from four to seven hundred miles over difficult roads, and all without costing the Continental treasury a farthing.

Volunteers had poured into the little recruiting stations in such numbers as to embarrass the officers, who would gladly have been spared the duty of discriminating. One of these officers, beset by many more applicants than his instructions permitted him to enroll, hit upon a clever expedient. Taking a piece of chalk, he drew upon a blackened board the figure of a man's nose, and placing this at such a distance that none but experts could hit it with a bullet, he declared that he would enlist only those who shot nearest to the mark. More than sixty men did.

So much for American marksmanship in revolutionary times.

Silk in Madagascar.

In Madagascar silk is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing. It is cheaper than linen in Ireland.

The man who will not marry until he finds a woman who thinks before she speaks may remain a bachelor all his days.

BOY GOLFER A WONDER.

Hugo Reisinger, Eight Years Old, Defeats Experts at the Game.

Golf, like all other sports, has at last found its infant phenomenon. Hugo Reisinger, a boy 8 years old, has astonished members of the Hapatoong Golf Club, of which he is an honorary member, by remarkable exhibitions. Many of those regarded as experts by the



HUGO REISINGER.

club members have been defeated by him. Young Reisinger took four lessons from Mungo Park, the famous professional of Scotland. He showed himself at once apt in taking hold of the game and Park predicted that his pupil would some day become champion of the world.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

The Scriptural suggestion, "Hide not your light under bushel," is most pertinent to-day as advice to the business man. If a man has a good thing—an article of commerce needed by the people—and it is something which he desires to dispose of, if he is a business man—a progressive one—his first idea is to advertise it. He may advertise it with a placard placed upon it in the window. The passer-by sees it and it is advertised. He may paint a dozen board signs and place them about the thoroughfares. Likewise that is advertising, but on a more extensive scale. But if he is a thoroughly progressive man he will take the surest, the cheapest and most satisfactory way of telling the people about this article and its desirability by putting a sign—an advertisement—in the newspaper. The present decade has revolutionized the theory, so long proposed by political economists, that demand regulates the supply, because thousands of people, who would become customers, do not realize that they are in want of the article until they read the advertisement and are reminded of that need. Consequently the supply and the publicity an article gets, regulates the demand. The modern adaptation of the oft-quoted passage in Scripture might well be "Advertise."

Rhyme of the Tired Farmer.

A farmer was trying to plough With a jackass hitched up to a cough, When they kicked up a terrible rough. Said the farmer, "It's hard; I allow I could do near as well with a sough; I will rest 'neath the shade of this bough."

"Such driving for me is too rough, I've had of it nearly enough. I'll give this old jackass a cough And quit, for I'm quite in a hough. All farming is nonsense and stough And ploughing is mighty tough."

"With farming I'm glad to be through— My wife, she is tired of it, tough. We're wet with the rain and the dough And ploughing has made me quite blough."

"I'll sell out and pocket the dough. To the city I'll glad enough goough. I'll throw down the shovel and hough, In Wall street my money I'll blough."

"My wife has contracted a cough. 'Tis time for us both to beough."—New York Sun.

Gambling in the Eighteenth Century.

Early in the eighteenth century, gambling had obtained a tremendous hold upon all classes of society in England. One of the most striking features of this period was the female gambler of high rank. Noble women of the highest rank used to keep public gambling rooms where the play was high, fast and furious. In 1739 an act was passed by which the keepers and frequenters of such places were made liable to heavy fines. In 1745, we find the Chairmen of the Quarter Sessions for Westminster and Middlesex appealing in person to the House of Lords. They had tried to do their duty, but told how "claims of privilege of Peers were made, and insisted on, by the Ladies Mordington and Cassells, in order to intimidate the peace officers from doing their duty in suppressing the public gaming houses kept by the said Ladies."

Consumption of Rubber.

The consumption of rubber in the United States has attained enormous proportions, and is still rapidly increasing. In 1896 we used 34,000,000 pounds, in 1897 over 42,000,000, and in 1898 44,256,028.

Born with a Silver Spoon.

The Marquis of Titchfield, son of the Duke of Portland, is heir to £4,000,000. He is 6 years old.

GAMBLER PRINCE OF MEXICO.

Pays \$1,000 a Day License and Has Made \$20,000,000 Profits.

Mexico has a Monaco which outdoes the sensational marvels of Monte Carlo. This gambling palace is situated in the center of the City of Mexico, at No. 2 Gante street. Its proprietor and manager, Don Felipe Martel, is not only a self-made prince, but a problematical character.

For Don Felipe is not only the king of gamblers, but a devout churchman and the chief backer of the municipal treasurer. Mexico City is almost dependent upon this one citizen.

Martel was a rich man before the Mexican Government decided to abolish gambling houses. Many influential Mexicans objected so seriously to the absolute stopping of their favorite pastime that the authorities thought they would achieve a clever compromise by demanding from every gambling resort a daily license tax of \$1,000.

No one supposed that the gambling spirit would be strong enough to rise above this obstacle. This proved to be the case, and one by one the gambling-houses closed their doors.

When the field was clear Don Felipe Martel approached the authorities with \$1,000 in cash and demanded a day's license. In a few hours his place was thronged. At a single stroke he had won the patronage of Mexico, and his doors have never been closed since. The daily outlay of \$1,000 is not missed from the daily revenue of thousands.

It is not remarkable that Don Felipe's personal fortune should have reached \$20,000,000 in spite of his constant lavish expenditure. His chief establishment is as glitteringly appointed as a palace. Liveried attendants minister to guests, and refreshments and cigars are served at the host's expense. Mexicans find no amusement more alluring than a visit to No. 2 Gante street.

Don Felipe's strong religious tendencies are so well known that nobody was surprised when he built recently in the village of San Angel a church that cost more than \$50,000. The poor people of the vicinity, and many of the rich as well, have come to regard him as a fairy prince. His own style of living encourages this belief. The Martel mansion, in Mexico City, is a magnificent affair, constantly filled with guests. A curious feature is that it contains forty windows—the number of cards in the Mexican deck.

QUEER STORIES

Icebergs sometimes last for two hundred years.

Gunpowder dates from A. D. 346, while smokeless gunpowder dates back to 1845.

THE STORY OF LIFE

Only the same old story, told in a different strain; sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain; sometimes a dash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its hue; sometimes black as thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue; sometimes false as Satan, sometimes as heaven true.

Only the same old story, but oh, how the changes ring!

Prophet and priest and peasant, soldier and scholar and king; sometimes the warmest handclasp leaves in the palm sting.

Sometimes in hush of even, sometimes in the midday strife, sometimes with dovelike calmness, sometimes with passion rife;

We dream it, write it, live it, this weird, wild story of life.

Boston Transcript.

In Love with a Painter

JACQUES BRUHIERE is an artist whose mythological pictures have a most delightful modern air. His Grecian goddesses look like Parisian ladies; their wind-blown hair, their high-heeled sandals, and a peculiar twirl given to their drapery have captivated the Parisian ladies. So they crowd Jacques' studio, and implore him to let them sit for Dianas and Andromedas. But he is a most unromantic fellow, and is swayed by no considerations other than those of gain. Although he is but 30, he has gained fame and some fortune; and he is so indomitable that he files from useless words and time-consumers—that is to say, women and bores.

A year ago, just after the art exhibit closed, Jacques determined to go on a sketching tour. So he packed his trunk, assisted by his friend, Eugene de Lassé, and was bidding adieu to his studio, when the servant entered with a note. It was a nice little note, daintily perfumed, and the address was written in the most delicate hand imaginable. He read it, frowned, and, crumpling it up, threw it on the floor.

"Confound the women!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" asked his friend.

"Why, I'm such an unlucky fellow," replied Jacques. "There's always some woman or other bothering me, writing about how she admires my paintings, and how she'd like to see me, and all that sort of thing. Just as if a man should say he would like to see my paintings because he admired the cut of my beard. 'Look,' said he, picking up the letter, 'address Mme. Leonie,' such a street and number."

"But," said Eugene, who was reading the note, "it's very well written, I assure you, full of most delicate wit. What are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, you literary men!" groaned Jacques. "What am I going to do with it? Why, burn it, of course. What do you suppose I am going to do with it?"

"I'll tell you what to do with it," said Eugene, "you're going away—"

"Yes."

"Then give it to me."

"Why, what'll you do with it?" said Jacques, with a stare.

"Well, I'll play painter," replied Eugene. "I'm not much of one, but I can daub a little—enough, at all events, to deceive a woman in love. And I'll find out who 'Mme. Leonie' is—that's only part of her name, I'm sure."

So it was settled. Jacques Bruhierie, painter, set off for Switzerland, and Eugene de Lassé, man of letters, remained to personate him. But only for Mme. Leonie. Other visitors were told the truth—that the master was gone.

At last she came. Eugene's romantic fancy had painted her as young and beautiful. But she was more than that—she was divine. She was a blonde, and had the most delightful nose, the most sparkling eyes, the most glorious hair, and the most adorable little hands and feet that Eugene had ever seen. He flattered himself that he was correctly made up for his role. His velvet blouse and jaunty cap were a little too clean, perhaps, but that was a good fault.

Mme. Leonie wanted her portrait painted, and it was very difficult for her to decide how it should be done. She wavered long. One day she would be Omphale; the next she had decided that to be represented as Salome was necessary to her peace of mind. But when Eugene had made his preparations, his fickle goddess decided that Delilah was the character that suited her. And then she would wander around the studio, and drape herself with the barbaric stuffs used by long-gone models, and handle the curious weapons, and examine the porcelains. And then she would say that she was weary, and would come the next day. And she would go, leaving Eugene de Lassé deeper in love than ever.

As for him, he was in a dream. He had retired from the world. At his own quarters his door was daily stormed by publishers, by managers, by printers' boys, by creditors, and by friends. But no one knew where he had gone. He had told his servants he was going away, but had not told them where. It was wrong, decidedly wrong; but he took a certain ferocious joy in it when he thought how he himself had once pursued these same editors and managers.

Eugene had at last discovered that his inamorata was a widow, wealthy, and of good family. Her full name was Leonie de Nore. He had never told his love, but that she was blind to it was impossible. Yet she was certainly blind to his painting, for she expressed her admiration of it with an enthusiasm that made Eugene wince. But one day, when he was, as usual,

attempting to transfer her to canvas, a particularly atrocious tree which he introduced in the background attracted her attention.

"Jacques," said she, "don't you think that you are—that you are—well, that you're losing a little of your skill?"

"What?" shouted Eugene.

"I mean—that is—I'm afraid that I keep you from your work so much that—"

"I only hope that you may keep me from it forever," returned the amorous Eugene. And so the dangerous moment passed.

But this state of affairs could not last forever. One fine day, as Eugene was seated upon a divan thinking of his lady-love, who had just departed, who should enter but Jacques Bruhierie. Yes, there he was, with his attendant carrying his umbrella, his sketch-books, his camp-stools, his baggage—a true artist just from the country. The false one trembled as he thought that his dream was over. Had he been a Borgia he would have slain his friend. As he was not, he pressed him hand warmly, and bade him welcome.

But how could he extricate himself from his dilemma? How could he answer to a high-spirited woman for the deception he had practiced upon her? As to persuading Jacques to consent to any arrangement for keeping up the deception, that was out of the question; where his art was concerned the painter would prove as deaf as a post and as unmanageable as a balky horse. So Eugene was puzzled.

Finally a bright idea occurred to him. "Why not," thought he, "give a comic turn to the affair? If properly done, Leonie will be disarmed. She is easily moved to laughter, and then I will explain and beg her forgiveness."

Alas! Poor Eugene's idea was not a happy one.

The next day when Leonie appeared, it was Jacques who met her at the door. He was in blouse, cap, and carried palette and brushes.

"Can I see M. Bruhierie?" she asked, with some little surprise.

"That is my name, madame," replied the painter.

"You Jacques Bruhierie!" said she, with an amused laugh; and she pushed by him and entered the studio. "You the great painter? No, no!" and she seated herself and looked at him defiantly.

But if she was at her ease in the studio, he was more so. Her quick woman's eye noted this, and on the easel there was already begun a canvas in which she recognized the master's touch. Leonie was becoming ill at ease. She picked up a little Hindoo god which stood on the table beside her, and fingered it nervously. Her hands trembled, the little monster slipped from them, and dashed in pieces on the floor.

The artist stepped to the wall and rang the bell. The door opened, and a servant entered, clad in livery and wearing an apron—rendered necessary by the fact of his cleaning brushes.

"Did monsieur ring?" he asked.

Leonie stared at him, and grew white.

"Yes, Jean," replied the artist. "Gather up the fragments of this trifle, which madame has unfortunately broken. Now," said he, turning to Leonie, "if madame will kindly inform me to what I owe the honor of this visit—"

He stopped. Her white, set face, her staring eyes, frightened him.

"A lackey!" she hissed; "a base lackey! And I have loved this heartless, cruel, lying wretch!"

With a sudden impulse of fury she snatched up a pretty toy, a silver poniard, which lay upon the table, and sprang at Eugene. Quick as a flash the artist dashed between them. But quick as he was, he was too late. The poniard struck Eugene in the side, inflicting a deep wound. As he did so, Leonie uttered a shriek, and fainted away.

Eugene's comedy had become a tragedy.

"Truly a pretty sight for the studio of an honest, hard-working painter," groaned Jacques Bruhierie, as he gazed upon the two prostrate forms. "This comes of obliging your friends. Catch me doing it again."

Three years had passed. Leonie was in the brilliant salon of the Comtesse de Magne, whose house was always filled with the literary men of the day, and she invariably secured the literary lion. She was making her way through the brilliant throng toward Leonie.

"My dear," said she when she reached her, "you have read that novel of which all Paris is talking—'Les Deux Princesses'?"

"Yes," said Leonie, "it is a charming work."

"Do you know its author?"

"Eugene de Lassé! No. Is he here this evening?"

"Yes, and I want to present him to you. Ah, there he is. M. de Lassé!" and in another moment there stood before Leonie—the false painter!

For a moment she hesitated; but the old spell reassured itself, and she found herself listening, almost against her will, to his pleas for pardon. And he pleaded his cause most eloquently.

"I am half inclined not to forgive you," she said at length, "you acted abominably—you know you did."

"I acted like a fool and a knave," said Eugene, "and you ought never to forgive me; but you will, won't you?"

"Well," said the beauty, semi-reluctantly, "if you'll be a very good boy—"

"Yes."

"And never deceive me again—"

"Never."

"And never paint any more such wretched trees—"

"Never."

"Then I forgive you for having played the servant."

"But I want to play it again."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I want to be your servant forever—Argonaut."

Any nerve tonic is supposed to be a steady drink.

FIREMEN IN THE '40S.

THE CHICAGO FORCE IN OLD VOLUNTEER DAYS.

First of the Hand Engines Parade on the Public Square in the Fall of the Year 1844—Odd Sights in the Pioneer Times.

Chicago had a fire fighting force as early as 1835, but the equipment consisted solely of leather buckets, in which water was passed by lines of men formed for this purpose. In case of fire the fighters would range themselves in line, with one end at the nearest well or cistern and the other at the burning building. Along this row the buckets of water would be handed and dashed on the flames. It was not until 1844 that William B. Ogden had succeeded in working the people up to the point of buying an engine, and even then there was strong protest against it, the assertion being made by Mr. Ogden's opponents that it was a piece of wild and useless extravagance. Despite this the engine was bought at a cost of \$850. It was a goose neck, piano box machine, worked by man power by means of long "brakes" at the sides. These brakes were connected with the pump, and when forced up and down by forty

Chicago Fire Guards, more popularly known as the "Forty Thieves," it became the custom then to apply the sobriquet in a good-natured way because the efforts of the guard were solely directed to the saving of portable property.

Scene on Courthouse Square.
This parade was held on the court house square, the site of the present city and county building. It was then a vacant lot, and, while in the heart of the young city, was inclosed with a rough slab fence like a piece of pasture land. Washington street, on the south, and La Salle street, on the west, both of which are shown in the picture, were muddy, unpaved highways, prominent only because of the churches located on them. The Universalist Church stood on Washington street about where the Chamber of Commerce building now stands, and the Baptists had a house of worship on the west side of La Salle street, just north of Washington. In those days the court house square was a favorite spot for open-air shows and displays, as it was within handy reach and yet far enough removed from the business part of the city to prevent interference with the trade and commerce of the town. It was in this lot that Chief Engineer Gale marshaled his firemen in 1844 and paraded before the admiring populace that wonderful addition to his fire-fighting force—a piano box engine. The department marched around the

structures, fires were neither numerous nor extensive, owing to the stringent precautions taken to prevent their origin. When the department was called out the disagreeable features of the work were more than compensated for when those who had been most active in fighting the flames were singled out as members of the floor and reception committees at the next dance. Such was a fireman's life in Chicago in 1844.

Modern Solomon's Judgment.
The Greek ecclesiastical authorities at Aleppo have been called upon to decide a case which strongly recalls Solomon's famous judgment. By a strange coincidence a woman and her daughter both gave birth to a female child at the same time. But the babies got mixed, and, as one of them was ugly and the other pretty and healthy, both mothers claimed the latter. The elder woman maintained that, as all her other children were handsome, the ugly child could not be hers, while the daughter claimed that, being young, handsome and strong, she could not be the mother of a weak and ugly babe. The religious chief of the town settled the affair in a summary way. He adjudged the beautiful child to the daughter on the ground that, it being her first, the occasion was not to be made one of humiliation and disappointment, while the elder mother could afford to forego her

THE POPE WORKS HARD.

How the Supreme Pontiff Passes Each Day at the Vatican.

Rome, Oct., 1889. (Special Cable.)
Pope Leo is an early riser, and by that I mean a man who is out of bed and at work at five o'clock in the morning. He takes a light breakfast—a little very weak coffee with plenty of milk, and a piece of bread. He works, reading or writing and receiving some visits until lunch time. In the afternoon he takes his walk, and when in ordinary health spends some time in the gardens of the Vatican; then he returns to his apartment, where he says his rosary. He may then receive a few visitors, after which he takes a nap and dines. At ten P. M. he reads the newspapers and then retires for the night. The Pope thus really works all day long, and latterly he has



taken nourishment four or five times a day, but always of a light character—a little meat, soups, bouillon, a glass or two of Mariani wine and a good deal of milk, which forms the larger part of his diet.

During his recent illness very little medicine was given him; the physicians relied principally upon rest, nourishment and stimulants every now and then, but always in small quantities.

The Pope's nervous energy, as already noted in a previous letter, is something remarkable in one of his advanced years, and when he comes out of his apartment he almost runs—walking so fast that his attendants can hardly keep up with him.

When he is to be carried in state into the Sistine Chapel, to attend or preside at any ceremony, the clanking of the sabres of the noble guard on the marble floors can be heard a long distance off, and several minutes before the procession reaches the chapel. The Pope, it seems, although sleeping well and enjoying his afternoon nap, which he takes every day, does not sleep so much at night, during which he may get up several times, and even go to work.

The Origin of Massage.

China claims to have originated massage treatment. According to long time Chinese ideas, life is entirely dependent on "air currents," which are designated as the primary aura of the organism. So long, then, as the body is permeated by the air current it is proof against disease, and the object of physical exercise is to circulate the air current. To effect this the Chinese system is divided into three periods, each period occupying a hundred days, the first period commencing at the time of the new moon.

The patient must rise at 4 o'clock in the morning and walk outside his house, taking seven deep inspirations, and immediately after this two youths who have been specially trained commence a gentle friction all over the body, starting over the cardiac area. At the time of full moon a further set of inspiratory exercises are taken. Later on, in the second period, the various parts of the body are rubbed with wooden planks until the muscles are hardened, and it is not until the hardening takes place that the real physical exercises are taken. Between the fifth and sixth month is the period of greatest activity, the European dumbbell being replaced by large sacks filled with stones. It is in the third period that the back muscles are chiefly exercised.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Development of the Skin.

By almost constant overcovering day and night for successive generations the skin has by degeneration adapted itself to its reduced requirements. From birth to senile death we are much overcovered. That a full and vigorously developed skin is a desideratum will be generally conceded. The tendency is for ours to degenerate to a tissue paper consistency of the skin at once indicates its importance as one of the organs of the body.

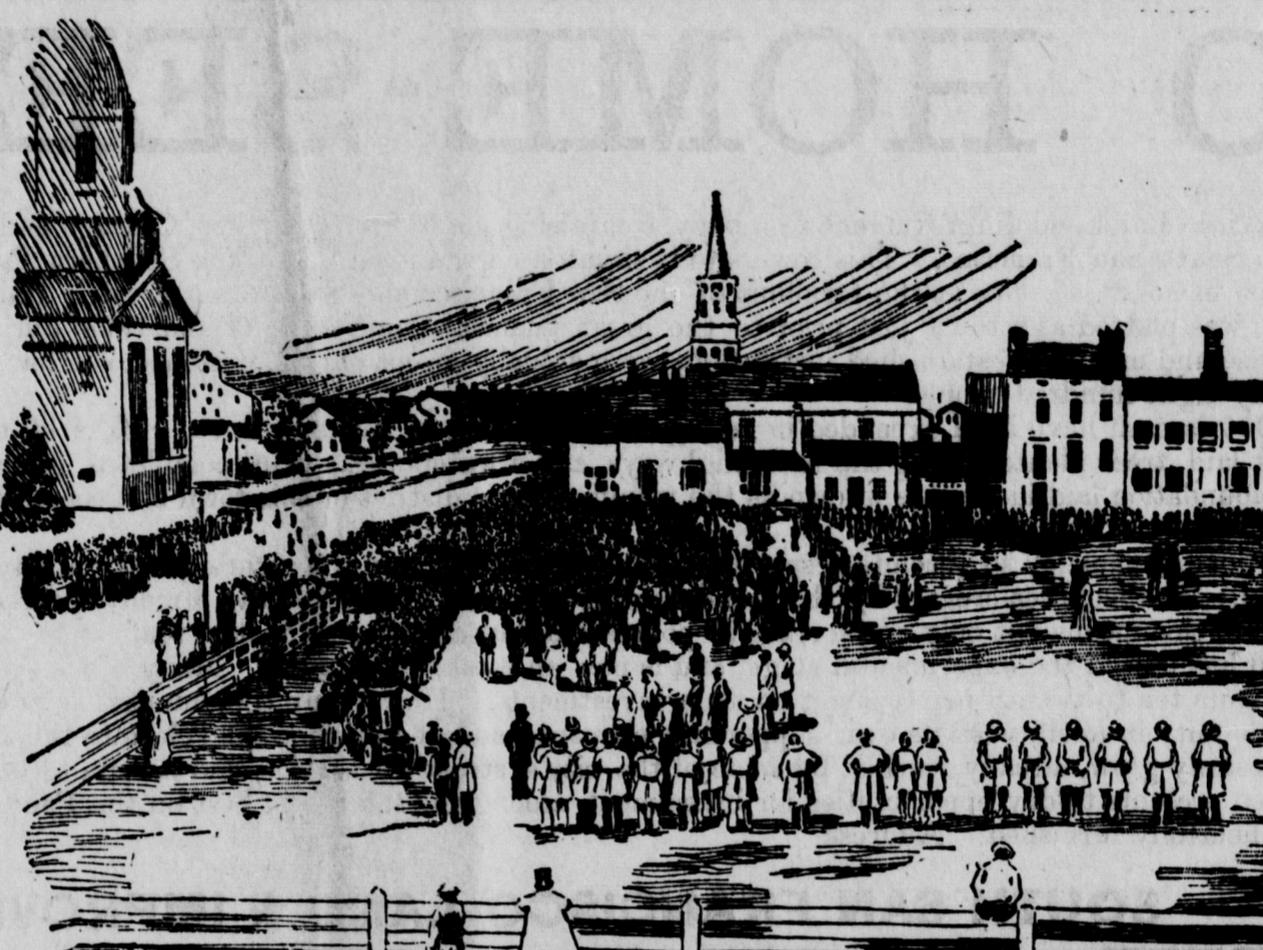
A homely showing of that functional power which can be developed in the skin is indicated by the story of the Indian. Being almost naked and yet apparently quite comfortable in inclement weather he was asked why he did not seem to suffer and be made ill by the exposure, he replied: "White man's face no pain no sick. Indian all face." By this excessive covering our peripheral nerves are too intensely impressed by caloric changes, our capillary blood system too feebly and incompletely developed to battle most successfully with heat, disease and traumatic impressions. Its muscular fat and connective tissue substance are all too deficient and defective for our greatest comfort and welfare. All its functional powers have been reduced. Yet seldom is heard a cry to develop the skin.—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

With Pleasure.

McSwatters—I always love to hear that girl next door play "The Star Spangled Banner."

Mrs. McSwatters—I thought you said you couldn't stand her piano playing?

McSwatters—Well, when she plays "The Star Spangled Banner" it's a sign she's got through.—Syracuse Herald.



CHICAGO'S FIRST FIRE DEPARTMENT PARADE, SEPTEMBER, 1844.

Scene is at Washington and Clark streets on the present site of the city and county buildings—Universalist Church on the left and Baptist in the middle background.

pairs of muscular arms the water was drawn rapidly into the box from the cistern and thrown with great force through the hose. Strife between the various companies for the honor of throwing the highest stream was ever rife, and the firemen drawn up in line around it while the chief and his assistants received the congratulations of the citizens on the visible evidence of Chicago's coming greatness. Most of the population got inside of the fence and mingled in a free and easy manner with the firemen, but some of the kickers—the men who thought

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